



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

HD WIDENER



HW IKP3 T



3443  
7.5B

# Harvard College Library



FROM THE ESTATE OF  
Mrs MABEL DELANO LORD

APRIL 1942













## ROBERT BROWNING'S WORKS.

---

POEMS AND DRAMAS. 2 volumes.....	\$3.00
SORDELLO, STRAFFORD, CHRISTMAS-EVE, AND EASTER-DAY....	1.50
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.....	1.50
MEN AND WOMEN.....	1.50
THE RING AND THE BOOK. 2 volumes.....	3.00
BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE.....	1.50
FIFINE AT THE FAIR, ETC.....	1.50
RED COTTON NIGHT-CAP COUNTRY; OR, TURF AND TOWERS..	1.50
ARISTOPHANES' APOLOGY. Being the Last Adventure of Balau-	
tion.....	1.50
THE INN ALBUM.....	1.50
PACCHIAROTTO AND OTHER POEMS.....	1.50
AGAMEMNON, LA SAISIAZ, TWO POETS OF CROISIC, PAULINE	
AND DRAMATIC IDYLS (first and second series).....	1.50
The foregoing 14 volumes.....	21.00
Half calf, 14 volumes in 13.....	40.00

---

POETICAL WORKS. New and uniform edition. 7 vols. crown 8vo.	12.00
Half calf.....	25.00
JOCOSERIA. 16mo.....	
LYRICS OF LIFE. Illustrated. Small 4to.....	.75
FAVORITE POEMS. Illustrated. This, with Mrs. Browning's	
"Lady Geraldine's Courtship" and Mr. Stedman's Essay on	
Mrs. Browning, forms "Modern Classics" No. 12. 32mo.....	.75

---

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS.

# JOCOSERIA.



# JOCOSERIA

BY  
ROBERT BROWNING



BOSTON  
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY  
New York: 11 East Seventeenth Street  
*The Riverside Press, Cambridge*  
1883

23443.17.5

B

v

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY  
FROM THE ESTATE OF  
MRS. MABEL DELANO LORD  
1942

*The Riverside Press, Cambridge:*  
Electrotyped and printed by H. O. Houghton & Co.

## *CONTENTS.*

	PAGE
WANTING IS—WHAT? . . . . .	7
DONALD . . . . .	11
SOLOMON AND BALKIS . . . . .	25
CRISTINA AND MONALDESCHI . . . . .	33
MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT AND FUSELI . . . . .	43
ADAM, LILITH, AND EVE . . . . .	47
IXION . . . . .	51
JOCHANAN HAKKADOSH . . . . .	63
NEVER THE TIME AND THE PLACE . . . . .	109
PAMBO . . . . .	113



**WANTING IS—WHAT?**





WANTING is — what ?  
Summer redundant,  
Blueness abundant,  
— Where is the spot ?  
Beamy the world, yet a blank all the same,  
— Framework which waits for a picture to frame :  
What of the leafage, what of the flower ?  
Roses embowering with nought they embower !  
Come then, complete incompleteness, O come,  
Pass through the blueness, perfect the summer !  
Breathe but one breath  
Rose-beauty above,  
And all that was death  
Grows life, grows love,  
Grows love !



**DONALD.**



## DONALD.

---

"WILL you hear my story also,  
— Huge Sport, brave adventure in plenty?"  
The boys were a band from Oxford,  
The oldest of whom was twenty.

The bothy we held carouse in  
Was bright with fire and candle;  
Tale followed tale like a merry-go-round  
Whereof Sport turned the handle.

In our eyes and noses — turf-smoke:  
In our ears a tune from the trivet,  
Whence "Boiling, boiling," the kettle sang,  
"And ready for fresh Glenlivet."

So, feat capped feat, with a vengeance:  
Truths, though, — the lads were loyal:  
"Grouse, five score brace to the bag!  
Deer, ten hours' stalk of the Royal!"

Of boasting, not one bit, boys!  
Only there seemed to settle

Somehow above your curly heads,  
— Plain through the singing kettle,

Palpable through the cloud,  
As each new-puffed Havanna  
Rewarded the teller's well-told tale, —  
This vaunt " To Sport — Hosanna !

" Hunt, fish, shoot,  
Would a man fulfil life's duty !  
Not to the bodily frame alone  
Does Sport give Strength and beauty,

" But character gains in — courage ?  
Ay, Sir, and much beside it !  
You don't sport, more 's the pity :  
You soon would find, if you tried it.

" Good sportsman means good fellow,  
Sound-hearted he, to the centre ;  
Your mealy-mouthed mild milksops  
— There 's where the rot can enter !

" There 's where the dirt will breed,  
The shabbiness Sport would banish !  
Oh no, Sir, no ! In your honored case  
All such objections vanish.

“ ’T is known how hard you studied :

A Double-First — what, the jigger !  
Give me but half your Latin and Greek,  
I ’ll never again touch trigger !

“ Still, tastes are tastes, allow me !

Allow, too, where there ’s keenness  
For Sport, there ’s little likelihood  
Of a man’s displaying meanness ! ”

So, put on my mettle, I interposed.

“ Will you hear my story ? ” quoth I.

“ Never mind how long since it happed,  
I sat, as we sit, in a bothy ;

“ With as merry a band of mates, too,

Undergrads all on a level :

(One ’s a Bishop, one ’s gone to the Bench,  
And one ’s gone — well, to the Devil.)

“ When, lo, a scratching and tapping !

In hobbled a ghastly visitor.

Listen to just what he told us himself

— No need of our playing inquisitor ! ”





Do you happen to know in Ross-shire  
Mount Ben . . . but the name scarce matters :  
Of the naked fact I am sure enough,  
Though I clothe it in rags and tatters.

You may recognize Ben by description ;  
Behind him — a moor's immenseness :  
Up goes the middle mount of a range,  
Fringed with its firs in denseness.

Rimming the edge, its fir-fringe, mind !  
For an edge there is, though narrow ;  
From end to end of the range, a stripe  
Of path runs straight as an arrow.

And the mountaineer who takes that path  
Saves himself miles of journey  
He has to plod if he crosses the moor  
Through heather, peat, and burnie.

But a mountaineer he needs must be,  
For, look you, right in the middle  
Projects bluff Ben — with an end in *ich* —  
Why planted there, is a riddle :

Since all Ben's brothers little and big  
Keep rank, set shoulder to shoulder,

And only this burliest out must bulge  
Till it seems — to the beholder

From down in the gully, — as if Ben's breast,  
To a sudden spike diminished,  
Would signify to the boldest foot  
“All further passage finished!”

Yet the mountaineer who sidles on  
And on to the very bending,  
Discovers, if heart and brain be proof,  
No necessary ending.

Foot up, foot down, to the turn abrupt  
Having trod, he, there arriving,  
Finds — what he took for a point was breadth,  
A mercy of Nature's contriving.

So, he rounds what, when 't is reached, proves  
straight,  
From one side gains the other :  
The wee path widens — resume the march,  
And he foils you, Ben, my brother !

But Donald — (that name, I hope, will do) —  
I wrong him if I call “foiling”

The tramp of the callant, whistling the while  
As blithe as our kettle's boiling.

He had dared the danger from boyhood up,  
And now, — when perchance was waiting  
A lass at the brig below, — 'twixt mount  
And moor would he stand debating ?

Moreover this Donald was twenty-five,  
A glory of bone and muscle :  
Did a fiend dispute the right of way,  
Donald would try a tussle.

Lightsomely marched he out of the broad  
On to the narrow and narrow ;  
A step more, rounding the angular rock,  
Reached the front straight as an arrow.

He stepped it, safe on the ledge he stood,  
When — whom found he full-facing ?  
What fellow in courage and wariness too,  
Had scouted ignoble pacing,

And left low safety to timid mates,  
And made for the dread dear danger,  
And gained the height where — who could guess  
He would meet with a rival ranger ?

"T was a gold-red stag that stood and stared,  
Gigantic and magnific,  
By the wonder — ay, and the peril — struck  
Intelligent and pacific :

For a red deer is no fallow deer  
Grown cowardly through park-feeding ;  
He batters you like a thunderbolt  
If you brave his haunts unheeding.

I doubt he could hardly perform *volte-face*  
Had valor advised discretion :  
You may walk on a rope, but to turn on a rope  
No Blondin makes profession.

Yet Donald must turn, would pride permit,  
Though pride ill brooks retiring :  
Each eyed each — mute man, motionless beast —  
Less fearing than admiring.

These are the moments when quite new sense,  
To meet some need as novel,  
Springs up in the brain : it inspired resource :  
— " Nor advance nor retreat but — grovel ! "

And slowly, surely, never a whit  
Relaxing the steady tension

Of eye-stare which binds man to beast, —  
By an inch and inch declension,

Sank Donald sidewise down and down :  
Till flat, breast upwards, lying  
At his six-foot length, no corpse more still,  
— “If he cross me! The trick ’s worth trying.”

Minutes were an eternity ;  
But a new sense was created  
In the stag’s brain too ; he resolves ! Slow, sure,  
With eye-stare unabated,

Feelingly he extends a foot  
Which tastes the way ere it touches  
Earth’s solid and just escapes man’s soft,  
Nor hold of the same unclutches

Till its fellow foot, light as a feather whisk,  
Lands itself no less finely :  
So a mother removes a fly from the face  
Of her babe asleep supinely.

And now ’t is the haunch and hind foot’s turn  
— That ’s hard : can the beast quite raise it ?  
Yes, traversing half the prostrate length,  
His hoof-tip does not graze it.

Just one more lift ! But Donald, you see,  
Was sportsman first, man after :  
A fancy lightened his caution through,  
— He well-nigh broke into laughter :

“ It were nothing short of a miracle !  
Unrivalled, unexampled —  
All sporting feats with this feat matched  
Were down and dead and trampled ! ”

The last of the legs as tenderly  
Follows the rest : or never  
Or now is the time ! His knife in reach,  
And his right-hand loose — how clever !

For this can stab up the stomach's soft,  
While the left-hand grasps the pastern.  
A rise on the elbow, and — now 's the time  
Or never : this turn 's the last turn !

I shall dare to place myself by God  
Who scanned — for He does — each feature  
Of the face thrown up in appeal to Him  
By the agonizing creature.

Nay, I hear plain words : “ Thy gift brings this ! ”  
Up he sprang, back he staggered,

Over he fell, and with him our friend  
— At following game no laggard.

Yet he was not dead when they picked next day  
From the gully's depth the wreck of him ;  
His fall had been stayed by the stag beneath  
Who cushioned and saved the neck of him.

But the rest of his body — why, doctors said,  
Whatever could break was broken ;  
Legs, arms, ribs, all of him looked like a toast  
In a tumbler of port-wine soaken.

“ That your life is left you, thank the stag ! ”  
Said they when — the slow cure ended —  
They opened the hospital-door, and thence  
— Strapped, spliced, main fractures mended.

And minor damage left wisely alone, —  
Like an old shoe clouted and cobbled,  
Out — what went in a Goliath well-nigh, —  
Some half of a David hobbled.

“ You must ask an alms from house to house :  
Sell the stag's head for a bracket,  
With its grand twelve tines — I'd buy it myself —  
And use the skin for a jacket ! ”

He was wiser, made both head and hide  
His win-penny : hands and knees on,  
Would manage to crawl — poor crab — by the  
roads  
In the misty stalking-season.

And if he discovered a bothy like this,  
Why, harvest was sure : folks listened.  
He told his tale to the lovers of Sport :  
Lips twitched, cheeks glowed, eyes glistened.

And when he had come to the close, and spread  
His spoils for the gazers' wonder,  
With " Gentlemen, here 's the skull of the stag  
I was over, thank God, not under ! " —

The company broke out in applause  
" By Jingo, a lucky cripple !  
Have a munch of grouse and a hunk of bread,  
And a tug, besides, at our tippie ! "

And " There's my pay for your pluck ! " cried  
This,  
" And mine for your jolly story ! "  
Cried That, while 'T other — but he was drunk —  
Hiccapped " A trump, a Tory ! "



I hope I gave twice as much as the rest ;  
For, as Homer would say, "within grate  
Though teeth kept tongue," my whole soul growled  
" Rightly rewarded, — Ingrate !"

# **SOLOMON AND BALKIS.**



## SOLOMON AND BALKIS.

---

SOLOMON King of the Jews and the Queen of Sheba,  
Balkis,  
Talk on the ivory throne, and we well may conjecture  
their talk is  
Solely of things sublime : why else has she sought  
Mount Zion,  
Climbed the six golden steps, and sat betwixt lion  
and lion ?

She proves him with hard questions : before she has  
reached the middle  
He smiling supplies the end, straight solves them  
riddle by riddle ;  
Until, dead-beaten at last, there is left no spirit in  
her,  
And thus would she close the game whereof she was  
first beginner :

“O wisest thou of the wise, world’s marvel and well-  
nigh monster,  
One crabbed question more to construe or *vulgo*  
conster !  
Who are those, of all mankind, a monarch of perfect  
wisdom  
Should open to, when they knock at *spheteron do*—  
that ’s, his dome ? ”

The King makes tart reply : “ Whom else but the  
wise his equals  
Should he welcome with heart and voice ? — since,  
king though he be, such weak walls  
Of circumstance — power and pomp — divide souls  
each from other  
That whoso proves kingly in craft I needs must ac-  
knowledge my brother.

“ Come poet, come painter, come sculptor, come  
builder — whate’er his condition,  
Is he prime in his art ? We are peers ! My insight  
has pierced the partition  
And hails — for the poem, the picture, the statue,  
the building — my fellow !  
Gold’s gold though dim in the dust : court-polish  
soon turns it yellow.

“But tell me in turn, O thou to thy weakling sex  
superior,  
That for knowledge hast travelled so far yet seemest  
no whit the wearier, —  
Who are those, of all mankind, a queen like thyself,  
consummate  
In wisdom, should call to her side with an affable  
‘Up hither, come, mate!’”

“The Good are my mates — how else? Why doubt  
it?” the Queen upbridled:  
“Sure even above the Wise, — or in travel my eyes  
have idled, —  
I see the Good stand plain: be they rich, poor,  
shrewd or simple,  
If Good they only are. . . . Permit me to drop my  
wimple!”

And, in that bashful jerk of her body, she — peace,  
thou scoffer! —  
Jostled the King’s right-hand stretched courteously  
help to proffer,  
And so disclosed a portent: all unaware the Prince  
eyed  
The Ring which bore the Name — turned outside  
now from inside!

The truth-compelling Name! — and at once “I greet  
the Wise — Oh,

Certainly welcome such to my court — with this  
proviso :

The building must be my temple, my person stand  
forth the statue,

The picture my portrait prove, and the poem my  
praise — you cat, you !”

But Solomon nonplussed? Nay! “Be truthful in  
turn !” so bade he :

“See the Name, obey its hest !” And at once sub-  
joins the lady

— “Provided the Good are the young, men strong  
and tall and proper,

Such servants I straightway enlist, — which means  
. . .” but the blushes stop her.

“Ah, Soul,” the Monarch sighed, “that wouldst soar  
yet ever crawlest,

How comes it thou canst discern the greatest yet  
choose the smallest,

Unless because heaven is far, where wings find fit  
expansion,

While creeping on all-fours suits, suffices the earthly  
mansion?

“Aspire to the Best ! But which ? There are Bests  
and Bests so many,  
With a *habitat* each for each, earth’s Best as much  
Best as any !  
On Lebanon roots the cedar — soil lofty, yet stony  
and sandy —  
While hyssop, of worth in its way, on the wall grows  
low but handy.

“Above may the Soul spread wing, spurn body and  
sense beneath her ;  
Below she must condescend to plodding unbuoyed  
by æther.  
In heaven I yearn for knowledge, account all else  
inanity ;  
On earth I confess an itch for the praise of fools —  
that’s Vanity.

“It is nought, it will go, it can never presume above  
to trouble me ;  
But here, — why, it toys and tickles and teases, how-  
e’er I redouble me  
In a doggedest of endeavors to play the indifferent.  
Therefore,  
Suppose we resume discourse ? Thou hast travelled  
thus far : but wherefore ?



“Solely for Solomon’s sake, to see whom earth styles  
Sages?”

Through her blushes laughed the Queen. “For the  
sake of a Sage? The gay jest!

On high, be communion with Mind — there, Body  
concerns not Balkis:

Down here, — do I make too bold? Sage Solomon,  
— one fool’s small kiss!”

**CRISTINA AND MONALDESCHI.**



## CRISTINA AND MONALDESCHI.

---

АH, but how each loved each, Marquis !  
Here 's the gallery they trod  
Both together, he her god,  
She his idol, — lend your rod,  
Chamberlain ! — ay, there they are — “ *Quis  
Separabit ?* ” — plain those two  
Touching words come into view,  
Apposite for me and you !

Since they witness to incessant  
Love like ours : King Francis, he —  
Diane the adored one, she —  
Prototypes of you and me.  
Everywhere is carved her Crescent  
With his Salamander-sign —  
Flame-fed creature : flame benign  
To itself or, if malign,

Only to the meddling curious,  
— So, be warned, Sir ! Where 's my head ?  
How it wanders ! What I said  
Merely meant — the creature, fed  
Thus on flame, was scarce injurious  
Save to fools who woke its ire,  
Thinking fit to play with fire.  
'T is the Crescent you admire ?

Then, be Diane ! I 'll be Francis.  
Crescents change, — true ! — wax and wane,  
Woman-like : male hearts retain  
Heat nor, once warm, cool again.  
So, we figure — such our chance is —  
I as man and you as . . . What ?  
Take offence ? My Love forgot  
He plays woman, I do not ?

I — the woman ? See my habit,  
Ask my people ! Anyhow,  
Be we what we may, one vow  
Binds us, male or female. Now, —  
Stand, Sir ! Read ! "*Quis separabit ?*"  
Half a mile of pictured way  
Past these palace-walls to-day  
Traversed, this I came to say.

You must needs begin to love me ;  
First I hated, then, at best,  
— Have it so ! — I acquiesced ;  
Pure compassion did the rest.  
From below thus raised above me,  
Would you, step by step, descend,  
Pity me, become my friend,  
Like me, like less, loathe at end ?

That 's the ladder's round you rose by !  
That — my own foot kicked away,  
Having raised you : let it stay,  
Serve you for retreating ? Nay.  
Close to me you climbed : as close by,  
Keep your station, though the peak  
Reached proves somewhat bare and bleak !  
Woman 's strong if man is weak.

Keep here, loving me forever !  
Love's look, gesture, speech, I claim ;  
Act love, lie love, all the same —  
Play as earnest were our game !  
Lonely I stood long : 't was clever  
When you climbed, before men's eyes,  
Spurned the earth and scaled the skies,  
Gained my peak and grasped your prize.

Here you stood, then, to men's wonder ;  
Here you tire of standing ? Kneel !  
Cure what giddiness you feel,  
This way ! Do your senses reel ?  
Not unlikely ! What rolls under ?  
Yawning death in yon abyss  
Where the waters whirl and hiss  
Round more frightful peaks than this.

Should my buffet dash you thither. . .  
But be sage ! No watery grave  
Needs await you : seeming brave  
Kneel on safe, dear timid slave !  
You surmised, when you climbed hither,  
Just as easy were retreat  
Should you tire, conceive unmeet  
Longer patience at my feet ?

Me as standing, you as stooping, —  
Who arranged for each the pose ?  
Lest men think us friends turned foes,  
Keep the attitude you chose !  
Men are used to this same grouping —  
I and you like statues seen.  
You and I, no third between,  
Kneel and stand ! That makes the scene,

Mar it — and one buffet . . . Pardon !  
Needless warmth — wise words in waste !  
'T was prostration that replaced  
Kneeling, then ? A proof of taste.  
Crouch, not kneel, while I mount guard on  
Prostrate love — become no waif,  
No estray to waves that chafe  
Disappointed — love so safe !

Waves that chafe ? The idlest fancy !  
Peaks that scare ? I think we know  
Walls enclose our sculpture : so  
Grouped, we pose in Fontainebleau.  
Up now ! Wherefore hesitancy ?  
Arm in arm and cheek by cheek,  
Laugh with me at waves and peak !  
Silent still ? Why, pictures speak.

See, where Juno strikes Ixion,  
Primatice speaks plainly ! Pooh —  
Rather, Florentine Le Roux !  
I 've lost head for who is who —  
So it swims and wanders ! Fie on  
What still proves me female ! Here,  
By the staircase ! — for we near  
That dark "Gallery of the Deer."



Look me in the eyes once ! Steady !  
Are you faithful now as erst  
On that eve when we two first  
Vowed at Avon, blessed and cursed  
Faith and falsehood ? Pale already ?  
Forward ! Must my hand compel  
Entrance — this way ? Exit — well,  
Somehow, somewhere. Who can tell ?

What if to the self-same place in  
Rustic Avon, at the door  
Of the village church once more,  
Where a tombstone paves the floor  
By that holy-water basin  
You appealed to — “ As, below,  
This stone hides its corpse, e’en so  
I your secrets hide ? ” What ho !

Friends, my four ! You, Priest, confess him !  
I have judged the culprit there :  
Execute my sentence ! Care  
For no mail such cowards wear !  
Done, Priest ? Then, absolve and bless him !  
Now — you three, stab thick and fast,  
Deep and deeper ! Dead at last ?  
Thanks, friends — Father, thanks ! Aghast ?

What one word of his confession  
Would you tell me, though I lured  
With that royal crown abjured  
Just because its bars immured  
Love too much? Love burst compression,  
Fled free, finally confessed  
All its secrets to that breast  
Whence . . . let Avon tell the rest!



**MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT AND  
FUSELI.**



## MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT AND FUSELI.

---

O BUT is it not hard, Dear ?

Mine are the nerves to quake at a mouse ;  
If a spider drops I shrink with fear :

I should die outright in a haunted house ;  
While for you — did the danger dared bring help —  
From a lion's den I could steal his whelp,  
With a serpent round me, stand stock-still,  
Go sleep in a churchyard, — so would will  
Give me the power to dare and do  
Valiantly — just for you !

Much amiss in the head, Dear,

I toil at a language, tax my brain  
Attempting to draw — the scratches here !

I play, play, practice and all in vain :  
But for you — if my triumph brought you pride,  
I would grapple with Greek Plays till I died,

Paint a portrait of you — who can tell ?  
Work my fingers off for your “ Pretty well : ”  
Language and painting and music too,  
Easily done — for you !

Strong and fierce in the heart, Dear,  
    With — more than a will — what seems a power  
To pounce on my prey, love outbroke here  
    In flame devouring and to devour.  
Such love has laboured its best and worst  
To win me a lover ; yet, last as first,  
I have not quickened his pulse one beat,  
Fixed a moment's fancy, bitter or sweet :  
Yet the strong fierce heart's love's labour's due,  
Utterly lost, was — you !

# ADAM, LILITH, AND EVE.





## ADAM, LILITH, AND EVE.

---

ONE day, it thundered and lightened.  
Two women, fairly frightened,  
Sank to their knees, transformed, transfixed,  
At the feet of the man who sat betwixt ;  
And "Mercy !" cried each — "if I tell the truth  
Of a passage in my youth !"

Said This : "Do you mind the morning  
I met your love with scorning ?  
As the worst of the venom left my lips,  
I thought 'If, despite this lie, he strips  
The mask from my soul with a kiss — I crawl  
His slave, — soul, body and all !'"

Said That : "We stood to be married ;  
The priest, or some one, tarried ;  
'If Paradise-door prove locked ?' smiled you.

I thought, as I nodded, smiling too,  
'Did one, that's away, arrive — nor late  
Nor soon should unlock Hell's gate!' "

It ceased to lighten and thunder.  
Up started both in wonder,  
Looked round and saw that the sky was clear,  
Then laughed "Confess you believed us, Dear!"  
"I saw through the joke!" the man replied  
They re-seated themselves beside.

**IXION.**



## IXION.

---

HIGH in the dome, suspended, of Hell, sad triumph,  
behold us !

Here the revenge of a God, there the amends of a  
Man.

Whirling forever in torment, flesh once mortal, im-  
mortal

Made — for a purpose of hate — able to die and  
revive,

Pays to the uttermost pang, then, newly for payment  
replenished,

Doles out — old yet young — agonies ever afresh ;  
Whence the result above me : torment is bridged by  
a rainbow, —

Tears, sweat, blood, — each spasm, ghastly once,  
glorified now.

Wrung, by the rush of the wheel ordained my place  
of reposing,

Off in a sparklike spray, — flesh become vapour  
thro' pain, —

Flies the bestowment of Zeus, soul's vaunted bodily  
vesture,

Made that his feats observed gain the approval of  
Man, —

Flesh that he fashioned with sense of the earth and  
the sky and the ocean,

Framed should pierce to the star, fitted to pore on  
the plant,

All, for a purpose of hate, re-framed, re-fashioned,  
re-fitted

Till, consummate at length, — lo, the employment  
of sense!

Pain's mere minister now to the soul, once pledged  
to her pleasure —

Soul, if untrammelled by flesh, unapprehensive of  
pain!

Body, professed soul's slave, which serving beguiled  
and betrayed her,

Made things false seem true, cheated thro' eye  
and thro' ear,

Lured thus heart and brain to believe in the lying  
reported, —

Spurn but the traitrous slave, uttermost, atom,  
away,

What should obstruct soul's rush on the real, the  
only apparent?

Say I have erred, — how else? Was I Ixion or  
Zeus?

Foiled by my senses I dreamed ; I doubtless awaken  
in wonder :

This proves shine, that — shade ? Good was the  
evil that seemed ?

Shall I, with sight thus gained, by torture be taught  
I was blind once ?

Sisuphos, teaches thy stone — Tantalos, teaches  
thy thirst

Aught which unaided sense, purged pure, less plainly  
demonstrates ?

No, for the past was dream : now that the dream-  
ers awake,

Sisuphos scouts low fraud, and to Tantalos treason  
is folly.

Ask of myself, whose form melts on the mur-  
derous wheel,

What is the sin which throe and throe prove sin to  
the sinner !

Say the false charge was true, — thus do I ex-  
piate, say,

Arrogant thought, word, deed, — mere man who con-  
ceited me godlike,

Sat beside Zeus, my friend — knelt before Heré,  
my love !

What were the need but of pitying power to touch  
and disperse it,

Film-work — eye's and ear's — all the distraction  
of sense ?



How should the soul not see, not hear, — perceive  
and as plainly

Render, in thought, word, deed, back again truth  
— not a lie?

“Ay, but the pain is to punish thee!” Zeus, once  
more for a pastime,

Play the familiar, the frank! Speak and have  
speech in return!

I was of Thessaly king, there ruled and a people  
obeyed me:

Mine to establish the law, theirs to obey it or die:  
Wherefore? Because of the good to the people, be-  
cause of the honour

Thence accruing to me, king, the king’s law was  
supreme.

What of the weakling, the ignorant criminal? Not  
who, excuseless,

Breaking my law braved death, knowing his deed  
and its due —

Nay, but the feeble and foolish, the poor transgres-  
sor, of purpose

No whit more than a tree, born to erectness of  
bole,

Palm or plane or pine, we laud if lofty, columnar —

Loathe if athwart, askew, — leave to the axe and  
the flame!

Where is the vision may penetrate earth and behold-  
ing acknowledge

Just one pebble at root ruined the straightness of  
stem ?

Whose fine vigilance follows the sapling, accounts  
for the failure,

— Here blew wind, so it bent : there the snow  
lodged, so it broke ?

Also the tooth of the beast, bird's bill, mere bite of  
the insect

Gnawed, gnarled, warped their worst : passive it  
lay to offence.

King—I was man, no more : what I recognized  
faulty I punished,

Laying it prone : be sure, more than a man had I  
proved,

Watch and ward o'er the sapling at birthtime had  
saved it, nor simply

Owned the distortion's excuse, — hindered it  
wholly : nay, more —

Even a man, as I sat in my place to do judgment,  
and pallid

Criminals passing to doom shuddered away at  
my foot,

Could I have probed thro' the face to the heart, read  
plain a repentance,

Crime confessed fools' play, virtue ascribed to the  
wise,

Had I not stayed the consignment to doom, not  
dealt the renewed ones

Life to retrace the past, light to retrieve the  
misdeed?

Thus had I done, and thus to have done much more  
it behooves thee,

Zeus who madest man — flawless or faulty, thy  
work!

What if the charge were true, as thou moutheest, —  
Ixion the cherished

Minion of Zeus grew vain, vied with the godships  
and fell,

Forfeit thro' arrogance? Stranger! I clothed, with  
the grace of our human,

Inhumanity — gods, natures I likened to ours.

Man among men I had borne me till gods forsooth  
must regard me

— Nay, must approve, applaud, claim as a com-  
rade at last.

Summoned to enter their circle, I sat — their equal,  
how other?

Love should be absolute love, faith is in fullness  
or nought.

"I am thy friend, be mine!" smiled Zeus: "If Heré  
attract thee,"

Blushed the imperial cheek, "then — as thy heart  
may suggest!"

Faith in me sprang to the faith, my love hailed love  
as its fellow,

"Zeus, we are friends — how fast ! Heré, my  
heart for thy heart !"

Then broke smile into fury of frown, and the thunder  
of "Hence, fool !"

Then thro' the kiss laughed scorn "Limbs or a  
cloud was to clasp ?"

Then from Olumpos to Erebos, then from the rap-  
ture to torment,

Then from the fellow of gods — misery's mate, to  
the man !

— Man henceforth and forever, who lent from the  
glow of his nature

Warmth to the cold, with light coloured the black  
and the blank.

So did a man conceive of your passion, you passion-  
protesters !

So did he trust, so love — being the truth of your  
lie !

You to aspire to be Man ! Man made you who  
vainly would ape him :

You are the hollowness, he — filling you, falsifies  
void.

Even as — witness the emblem, Hell's sad triumph  
suspended,

Born of my tears, sweat, blood — bursting to va-  
pour above —

Arching my torment, an iris ghostlike startles the  
darkness,

Cold white — jewelry quenched — justifies, glorifies pain.  
Strive, my kind, though strife endure thro' endless obstruction,  
Stage after stage, each rise marred by as certain a fall !  
Baffled forever — yet never so baffled but, e'en in  
    . the baffling,  
When Man's strength proves weak, checked in the  
    body or soul —  
Whatsoever the medium, flesh or essence, — Ixion's  
    Made for a purpose of hate, — clothing the entity  
    Thou,  
— Medium whence that entity strives for the Not-  
    Thou beyond it,  
Fire elemental, free, frame unencumbered, the  
    All, —  
Never so baffled but — when, on the verge of an alien  
    existence,  
Heartened to press, by pangs burst to the infinite  
    Pure,  
Nothing is reached but the ancient weakness still  
    that arrests strength,  
Circumambient still, still the poor human array,  
Pride and revenge and hate and cruelty — all it has  
    burst through,  
Thought to escape, — fresh formed, found in the  
    fashion it fled, —

Never so baffled but — when Man pays the price of  
endeavor,

Thunderstruck, downthrust, Tartaros-doomed to  
the wheel, —

Then, ay, then, from the tears and sweat and blood  
of his torment,

E'en from the triumph of Hell, up let him look  
and rejoice !

What is the influence, high o'er Hell, that turns to a  
rapture

Pain — and despair's murk mists blends in a rain-  
bow of hope ?

What is beyond the obstruction, stage by stage tho'  
it baffle ?

Back must I fall, confess "Ever the weakness I  
fled" ?

No, for beyond, far, far is a Purity all-unobstructed !  
Zeus was Zeus — not Man : wrecked by his weak-  
ness, I whirl.

Out of the wreck I rise — past Zeus to the Potency  
o'er him !

I — to have hailed him my friend ! I — to have  
clasped her — my love !

Pallid birth of my pain — where light, where light is,  
aspiring

Thither I rise, whilst thou — Zeus, keep the god-  
ship and sink !



**JOCHANAN HAKKADOSH.**





## JOCHANAN HAKKADOSH.

---

“THIS now, this other story makes amends  
And justifies our Mishna,” quoth the Jew  
Aforesaid. “Tell it, learnedest of friends !”

---

A certain morn broke beautiful and blue  
O'er Schiphaz city, bringing joy and mirth,  
— So had ye deemed ; while the reverse was true,

Since one small house there gave a sorrow birth  
In such black sort that, to each faithful eye,  
Midnight, not morning settled on the earth.

How else, when it grew certain thou wouldst die  
Our much-enlightened master, Israel's prop,  
Eximious Jochanan Ben Sabbathai ?

Old, yea but, undiminished of a drop,  
The vital essence pulsed through heart and brain ;  
Time left unsickled yet the plenteous crop

On poll and chin and cheek, whereof a skein  
Handmaids might weave — hairs silk-soft, silver-  
white,

Such as the wool-plant's ; none the less in vain

Had Physic striven her best against the spite  
Of fell disease : the Rabbi must succumb ;  
And, round the couch whereon in piteous plight

He lay a-dying, scholars, — awe-struck, dumb  
Throughout the night-watch, — roused themselves  
and spoke

One to the other : " Ere death's touch benumb

" His active sense, — while yet 'neath Reason's  
yoke

Obedient toils his tongue, — befits we claim  
The fruit of long experience, bid this oak

" Shed us an acorn which may, all the same,  
Grow to a temple-pillar, — dear that day ! —  
When Israel's scattered seed finds place and  
name

“ Among the envious nations. Lamp us, pray,  
Thou the Enlightener! Partest hence in peace?  
Hailest without regret — much less, dismay —

“ The hour of thine approximate release  
From fleshly bondage soul hath found obstruct?  
Calmly envisagest the sure increase

“ Of knowledge? Eden’s tree must hold unplucked  
Some apple, sure, has never tried thy tooth,  
Juicy with sapience thou hast sought, not sucked?

“ Say, does age acquiesce in vanished youth?  
Still towers thy purity above — as erst —  
Our pleasant follies? Be thy last word — truth!”

The Rabbi groaned; then, grimly, “ Last as first  
The truth speak I — in boyhood who began  
Striving to live an angel, and, amerced

“ For such presumption, die now hardly man.  
What have I proved of life? To live, indeed,  
That much I learned: but here lies Jochanan

“ More luckless than stood David when, to speed  
His fighting with the Philistine, they brought  
Saul’s harness forth: whereat, ‘ Alack, I need

“ Armour to arm me, but have never fought  
With sword and spear, nor tried to manage shield,  
Proving arms’ use, as well-trained warrior ought.

“ Only a sling and pebbles can I wield !’  
So he : while I, contrariwise, ‘ No trick  
Of weapon helpful on the battle-field

“ Comes unfamiliar to my theoric :  
But, bid me put in practice what I know,  
Give me a sword — it stings like Moses’ stick,

“ A serpent I let drop apace.’ E’en so,  
I, — able to comport me at each stage  
Of human life as never here below

“ Man played his part, — since mine the heritage  
Of wisdom carried to that perfect pitch,  
Ye rightly praise, — I, therefore, who, thus sage,

“ Could sure act man triumphantly, enrich  
Life’s annals with example how I played  
Lover, Bard, Soldier, Statist, — (all of which

“ Parts in presentment failing, cries invade  
The world’s ear — ‘ Ah, the Past, the pearl-gift  
    thrown  
To hogs, time’s opportunity we made

“ So light of, only recognized when flown.  
Had we been wise ! ’ ) — in fine, I — wise enough, —  
What profits brings me wisdom never shown

“ Just when its showing would from each rebuff  
Shelter weak virtue, threaten back to bounds  
Encroaching vice, tread smooth each track too rough

“ For youth’s unsteady footstep, climb the rounds  
Of life’s long ladder, one by slippery one,  
Yet make no stumble ? Me hard fate confounds

“ With that same crowd of wailers I outrun  
By promising to teach another cry  
Of more hilarious mood than theirs, the sun

“ I look my last at is insulted by.  
What cry, — ye ask ? Give ear on every side !  
Witness yon Lover ! ‘ How entrapped am I !

“ Methought, because a virgin’s rose-lip vied  
With ripe Khubbezleh’s, needs must beauty mate  
With meekness and discretion in a bride :

“ Bride she became to me who wail — too late —  
*Unwise I loved !* ’ That ’s one cry. ‘ Mind ’s my  
gift :

I might have loaded me with lore, full weight

“Pressed down and running over at each rift  
O’ the brain-bag where the famished clung and  
fed.

I filled it with what rubbish! — would not sift

“The wheat from chaff, sound grain from musty —  
shed

Poison abroad as oft as nutriment —  
And sighing say but as my fellows said,

“*Unwise I learned!*” That ’s two. ‘In dwarf’s-  
play spent

Was giant’s prowess: warrior all unversed  
In war’s right waging, I struck brand, was lent

“For steel’s fit service, on mere stone — and cursed  
Alike the shocked limb and the shivered steel,  
Seeing too late the blade’s true use which erst

“How was I blind to! My cry swells the peal —  
*Unwise I fought!*” That ’s three. But wherefore  
waste

Breath on the wailings longer? Why reveal

“A root of bitterness whereof the taste  
Is noisome to Humanity at large?  
First we get Power, but Power absurdly placed

"In Folly's keeping, who resigns her charge  
To Wisdom when all Power grows nothing worth :  
Bones marrowless are mocked with helm and targe

"When, like your Master's, soon below the earth  
With worms shall warfare only be. Farewell,  
Children ! I die a failure since my birth !"

"Not so !" arose a protest as, pell-mell,  
They pattered from his chamber to the street,  
Bent on a last resource. Our Targums tell

That such resource there is. Put case, there meet  
The Nine Points of Perfection — rarest chance —  
Within some saintly teacher whom the fleet

Years, in their blind implacable advance,  
O'ertake before fit teaching born of these  
Have magnified his scholars' countenance, —

If haply folk compassionating please  
To render up — according to his store,  
Each one — a portion of the life he sees

Hardly worth saving when 't is set before  
Earth's benefit should the Saint, Hakkadosh,  
Favoured thereby, attain to full fourscore —



If such contribute (Scoffer, spare thy "Bosh!")

A year, a month, a day, an hour — to eke

Life out, — in him away the gift shall wash

That much of ill-spent time recorded, streak

The twilight of the so-assisted sage

With a new sunrise: truth, though strange to  
speak!

Quick to the door-way, then, where youth and age,

All Israel, thronging, waited for the last

News of the loved one. " 'T is the final stage:

"Art's utmost done, the Rabbi's feet tread fast

The way of all flesh!" So announced that apt

Olive-branch Tsaddik: "Yet, O Brethren, cast

"No eye to earthward! Look where heaven has  
clapped

Morning's extinguisher — yon ray-shot robe

Of sun-threads — on the constellation mapped

"And mentioned by our Elders, — yea, from Job

Down to Satam, — as figuring forth — what?

Perpend a mystery! Ye call it *Dob*,

" 'The Bear': I trow, a wiser name than that

Were *Aish* — ‘The Bier’ : a corpse those four stars  
hold,

Which — are not those Three Daughters weeping at,

“ *Banoth* ? I judge so : list while I unfold  
The reason. As in twice twelve hours this Bier  
Goes and returns, about the east-cone rolled,

“ So may a setting luminary here  
Be rescued from extinction, rolled anew  
Upon its track of labour, strong and clear,

“ About the Pole — that Salem, every Jew  
Helps to build up when thus he saves some Saint  
Ordained its architect. Ye grasp the clue

“ To all ye seek ? The Rabbi’s lamp-flame fain  
Sinks : would ye raise it ? Lend then life from yours,  
Spare each his oil-drop ! Do I need acquaint

“ The Chosen how self-sacrifice insures  
Ten-fold requital ? — urge ye emulate  
The fame of those Old Just Ones death procures

“ Such praise for, that ’t is now men’s sole debate  
Which of the Ten, who volunteered at Rome  
To die for glory to our Race, was great

"Beyond his fellows? Was it thou — the comb  
Of iron carded, flesh from bone, away,  
While thy lips sputtered thro' their bloody foam

"Without a stoppage (O brave Akiba !)  
'Hear, Israel, our Lord God is One'? Or thou,  
Jischab? — who smiledst, burning, since there lay,

"Burning along with thee, our Law! I trow,  
Such martyrdom might tax flesh to afford:  
While that for which I make petition now,

"To what amounts it? Youngster, wilt thou hoard  
Each minute of long years thou look'st to spend  
In dalliance with thy spouse? Hast thou so soared,

"Singer of songs, all out of sight of friend  
And teacher, warbling like a woodland bird,  
There's left no Selah, 'twixt two psalms, to lend

"Our late-so-tuneful quirist? Thou, averred  
The fighter born to plant our lion-flag  
Once more on Zion's mount, — doth, all-unheard,

"My pleading fail to move thee? Toss some rag  
Shall staunch our wound, some minute never missed  
From swordsman's lustihood like thine! Wilt lag

“ In liberal bestowment, show close fist  
When open palm we look for, — thou, wide-known  
For state-craft ? whom, ’t is said, an if thou list,

“ The Shah himself would seat beside his throne,  
So valued were advice from thee ” . . . But here  
He stopped short : such a hubbub ! Not alone

From those addressed, but far as well as near  
The crowd broke into clamour : “ Mine, mine, mine —  
Lop from my life the excrescence, never fear !

“ At me thou lookedst, markedst me ! Assign  
To me that privilege of granting life —  
Mine, mine ! ” Then he : “ Be patient ! I combine

“ The needful portions only, wage no strife  
With Nature’s law, nor seek to lengthen out  
The Rabbi’s day unduly. ’T is the knife

“ I stop, — would cut its thread too short. About  
As much as helps life last the proper term,  
The appointed Fourscore, — that I crave, and scout

“ A too-prolonged existence. Let the worm  
Change at fit season to the butterfly !  
And here a story strikes me, to confirm

“This judgment. Of our worthies, none ranks high  
As Perida who kept the famous school :  
None rivaled him in patience : none ! For why ?

“In lecturing it was his constant rule,  
Whatever he expounded, to repeat  
— Ay, and keep on repeating, lest some fool

“Should fail to understand him fully — (feat  
Unparalleled, Uzzean !) — do ye mark ? —  
Five hundred times ! So might he entrance beat

“For knowledge into howsoever dark  
And dense the brain-pan. Yet it happed, at close  
Of one especial lecture, not one spark

“Of light was found to have illumed the rows  
Of pupils round their pedagogue. ‘What, still  
Impenetrable to me ? Then — here goes !’

“And for a second time he sets the rill  
Of knowledge running, and five hundred times  
More re-repeats the matter — and gains *nil*.

“Out broke a voice from heaven : ‘Thy patience  
climbs  
Even thus high. Choose ! Wilt thou, rather, quick  
Ascend to bliss — or, since thy zeal sublimed

"Such drudgery, will thy back still bear its crick,  
Bent o'er thy class, — thy voice drone spite of  
drouth, —

Five hundred years more at thy desk wilt stick ?

" 'To heaven with me !' was in the good man's  
mouth,

When all his scholars, — cruel-kind were they ! —  
Stopped utterance, from East, West, North, and  
South,

"Rending the welkin with their shout of 'Nay —  
No heaven as yet for our instructor ! Grant  
Five hundred years on earth for Perida !'

"And so long did he keep instructing ! Want  
Our Master no such misery ! I but take  
Three months of life marital. Ministrant

"Be thou of so much, Poet ! Bold I make,  
Swordsman, with thy frank offer ! — and conclude,  
Statist, with thine ! One year, — ye will not  
shake

"My purpose to accept no more. So rude ?  
The very boys and girls, forsooth, must press  
And proffer their addition ? Thanks ! The mood

"Is laudable, but I reject, no less,  
One month, week, day of life more. Leave my gown,  
Ye overbold ones! Your life's gift, you guess,

"Were good as any? Rudesby, get thee down!  
Set my feet free, or fear my staff! Farewell,  
Seniors and saviours, sharers of renown

"With Jochanan henceforward!" Straightway fell  
Sleep on the sufferer; who awoke in health,  
Hale everyway, so potent was the spell.

---

O the rare Spring-time! Who is he by stealth  
Approaches Jochanan? — embowered that sits  
Under his vine and fig-tree mid the wealth

Of garden-sights and sounds, since intermits  
Never the turtle's coo, nor stays nor stints  
The rose her smell. In homage that befits

The musing Master, Tsaddik, see, imprints  
A kiss on the extended foot, low bends  
Forehead to earth, then, all-obsequious, hints

"What if it should be time? A period ends —  
That of the Lover's gift — his quarter-year  
Of lustihood: 't is just thou make amends,

“Return that loan with usury : so, here  
Come I, of thy Disciples delegate,  
Claiming our lesson from thee. Make appear

“Thy profit from experience ! Plainly state  
How men should Love !” Thus he : and to him  
thus  
The Rabbi : “Love, ye call it?—rather, Hate !

“What wouldst thou ? Is it needful I discuss  
Wherefore new sweet wine, poured in bottles  
caked  
With old strong wine’s deposit, offers us

“Spoilt liquor we recoil from, thirst-unslaked ?  
Like earth-smoke from a crevice, influence wound—  
Languors and yearnings : not a sense but ached

“Weighed on by fancied form and feature, sound  
Of silver word and sight of sunny smile :  
No beckoning of a flower-branch, no profound

“Purple of noon-oppression, no light wile  
O’ the West wind, but transformed itself till—  
brief—  
Before me stood the phantasy ye style



" Youth's love, the joy that shall not come to grief,  
Born to endure, eternal, unimpaired  
By custom the accloyer, time the thief.

" Had Age's hard cold knowledge only spared  
That ignorance of Youth ! But now the dream,  
Fresh as from Paradise, alighting fared

" As fares the pigeon, finding what may seem.  
Her nest's safe hollow holds a snake inside  
Coiled to enclasp her. See, Eve stands supreme

" In youth and beauty ! Take her for thy bride !  
What Youth deemed crystal, Age finds out was  
dew  
Morn set a-sparkle, but which noon has dried

" While Youth bent gazing at its red and blue  
Supposed perennial, — never dreamed the sun  
Which kindled the display would quench it too.

" Graces of shape and colour — everyone  
With its appointed period of decay  
When ripe to purpose ! ' Still, these dead and done,

" Survives the woman-nature — the soft sway  
Of undefinable omnipotence  
O'er our strong male-stuff, we of Adam's clay.'

“Ay, if my physics taught not why and whence  
The attraction! Am I like the simple steer  
Who, from his pasture lured inside the fence

“Where yoke and goad await him, holds that mere  
Kindliness prompts extension of the hand  
Hollowed for barley, which drew near and near

“His nose — in proof that, of the horned band,  
The farmer best affected him? Beside,  
Steer, long since calfhood, got to understand

“Farmers a many in the world so wide  
Were ready with a handful just as choice  
Or choicer — maize and cummin, treats untried.

“Shall I wed wife, and all my days rejoice  
I gained the peacock? ’Las me, round I look,  
And lo, — ‘With me thou wouldst have blamed no  
voice

“Like hers that daily deafens like a rook:  
I am the phoenix! — ‘I, the lark, the dove,  
— The owl,’ for aught knows he who blindly took

“Peacock for partner, while the vale, the grove,  
The plain held bird-mates in abundance. There!  
Youth, try fresh capture! Age has found out Love

“Long ago. War seems better worth man’s care.  
But leave me! Disappointment finds a balm  
Haply in slumber.” “This first step o’ the stair

“To knowledge fails me, but the victor’s palm  
Lies on the next to tempt him overleap  
A stumbling-block experience. Gather calm,

“Thou excellence of Judah, cured by sleep  
Which ushers in the Warrior, to replace  
The Lover! At due season I shall reap

“Fruit of my planting!” So, with lengthened face,  
Departed Tsaddik: and three moons more waxed  
And waned, and not until the summer-space

Waned likewise, any second visit taxed  
The Rabbi’s patience. But at three months’ end,  
Behold, supine beneath a rock, relaxed

The sage lay musing till the noon should spend  
Its ardour. Up comes Tsaddik, who but he,  
With “Master, may I warn thee, nor offend,

“That time comes round again? We look to see  
Sprout from the old branch — not the youngling  
twig —

But fruit of sycamine: deliver me,

“To share among my fellows, some plump fig,  
Juicy as seedy ! That same man of war,  
Who, with a scantling of his store, made big

“Thy starveling nature, caused thee, safe from scar,  
To share his gains by long acquaintanceship  
With bump and bruise and all the knocks that are

“Of battle dowry : therefore, loose thy lip,  
Explain the good of battle ! Since thou know'st,  
Let us know likewise ! Fast the moments slip,

“More need that we improve them !” — “Ay, we  
boast,  
We warriors in our youth, that with the sword  
Man goes the swiftliest to the uttermost —

“Takes the straight way thro' lands yet unexplored  
To absolute Right and Good, — may so obtain  
God's glory and man's weal too long ignored,

“Too late attained by preachments all in vain, —  
The passive process. Knots get tangled worse  
By toying with : does cut cord close again ?

“Moreover there is blessing in the curse  
Peace-praisers call war. What so sure evolves  
All the capacities of soul, proves nurse

"Of that self-sacrifice in men which solves  
The riddle — *Wherein differs Man from beast?*  
Foxes boast cleverness and courage wolves :

"Nowhere but in mankind is found the least  
Touch of an impulse 'To our fellows — good  
I' the highest ! — not diminished but increased

"By the condition plainly understood  
— Such good shall be attained at price of hurt  
I' the highest to ourselves !' Fine sparks, that brood

"Confusedly in Man, 't is war bids spurt  
Forth into flame : as fares the meteor-mass,  
Whereof no particle but holds inert

"Some seed of light and heat, however crass  
The enclosure, yet avails not to discharge  
Its radiant birth before there come to pass

"Some push external, — strong to set at large  
Those dormant fire-seeds, whirl them in a trice  
Through heaven and light up earth from marge to  
marge :

"Since force by motion makes — what erst was ice —  
Crash into fervency and so expire,  
Because some Djinn has hit on a device

“ For proving the full prettiness of fire !  
 Ay, thus we prattle — young : but old — why, first,  
 Where ’s that same Right and Good — (the wise in-  
 quire) —

“ So absolute, it warrants the outburst  
 Of blood, tears, all war’s woeful consequence,  
 That comes of the fine flaring ? Which plague cursed

“ The more your benefitted Man — offence,  
 Or what suppressed the offender ? Say it did —  
 Show us the evil cured by violence,

“ Submission cures not also ! Lift the lid  
 From the maturing crucible, we find  
 Its slow sure coaxing-out of virtue, hid

“ In that same meteor-mass, hath uncombined  
 Those particles and, yielding for result  
 Gold, not mere flame, by so much leaves behind

“ The heroic product. E’en the simple cult  
 Of Edom’s children wisely bids them turn  
 Cheek to the smiter with ‘ *Sic Jesus vult.*’

“ Say there ’s a tyrant by whose death we earn  
 Freedom, and justify a war to wage :  
 Good ! — were we only able to discern

“ Exactly how to reach and catch and cage  
Him only and no innocent beside !  
Whereas the folk whereon war wreaks its rage

“ — How shared they his ill-doing? Far and  
wide  
The victims of our warfare strew the plain,  
Ten thousand dead, whereof not one but died

“ In faith that vassals owed their suzerain  
Life : therefore each paid tribute, — honest soul, —  
To that same Right and Good ourselves are fain

“ To claim exclusively our end. From bole  
(Since ye accept in me a sycamine)  
Pluck, eat, digest a fable — yea, the sole

“ Fig I afford you ! ‘ Dost thou dwarf my vine ? ’  
(So did a certain husbandman address  
The tree which faced his field) ‘ Receive condign

“ Punishment, prompt removal by the stress  
Of axe I forthwith lay unto thy root ! ’  
Long did he hack and hew, the root no less

“ As long defied him, for its tough strings shoot  
As deep down as the boughs above aspire :  
All that he did was — shake to the tree’s foot

"Leafage and fruitage, things we most require  
For shadow and refreshment : which good deed  
Thoroughly done, behold the axe-haft tires

"His hand, and he desisting leaves unfreed  
The vine he hacked and hewed for. Comes a frost,  
One natural night's-work, and there's little need.

"Of hacking, hewing : lo, the tree's a ghost !  
Perished it starves, black death from topmost bough  
To farthest-reaching fibre ! Shall I boast

"My rough work, — warfare, — helped more ? Lov-  
ing, now —  
That, by comparison, seems wiser, since  
The loving fool was able to avow

"He could effect his purpose, just evince  
Love's willingness, — once ware of what she lacked,  
His loved one, — to go work for that, nor wince

"At self-expenditure : he neither hacked  
Nor hewed, but when the lady of his field  
Required defence because the sun attacked,

"He, failing to obtain a fitter shield,  
Would interpose his body, and so blaze,  
Blest in the burning. Ah, were mine to wield



"The intellectual weapon — poet-lays, —  
How preferably had I sung one song  
Which . . . but my sadness sinks me: go your ways !

"I sleep out disappointment." "Come along,  
Never lose heart ! There 's still as much again  
Of our bestowment left to right the wrong

"Done by its earlier moiety — explain  
Wherefore, who may ! The Poet's mood comes next.  
Was he not wishful the poetic vein

"Should pulse within him? Jochanan, thou reck'st  
Little of what a generous flood shall soon  
Float thy clogged spirit free and unperplexed

"Above dry dubitation ! Song 's the boon  
Shall make amends for my untoward mistake  
That Joshua-like thou couldst bid sun and moon —

"Fighter and Lover, — which for most men make  
All they descry in heaven, — stand both stock-still  
And lend assistance. Poet shalt thou wake !"

Autumn brings Tsaddik. "Ay, there speeds the rill  
Loaded with leaves : a scowling sky, beside :  
The wind makes olive-trees up yonder hill

“Whiten and shudder — symptoms far and wide  
Of glean-time’s approach; and glean good  
store

May I presume to trust we shall, thou tried

“And ripe experimenter! Three months more  
Have ministered to growth of Song: that graft  
Into thy sterile stock has found at core

“Moisture, I warrant, hitherto unquaffed  
By boughs, however florid, wanting sap  
Of prose-experience which provides the draught

“Mere song-sprouts, wanting, wither: vain we tap  
A youngling stem all green and immature  
Experience must secrete the stuff, our hap

“Will be to quench Man’s thirst with, glad and  
sure

That fancy wells up through corrective fact:  
Wanting which test of truth, though flowers allure

“The goodman’s eye with promise, soon the pact  
Is broken, and ’t is flowers, — mere words, — he  
finds

When things, — that ’s fruit, — he looked for. Well,  
once cracked

“The nut, how glad my tooth the kernel grinds !  
Song may henceforth boast substance ! Therefore,  
hail  
Proser and poet, perfect in both kinds !

“Thou from whose eye hath dropped the envious  
scale  
Which hides the truth of things and substitutes  
Deceptive show, unaided optics fail

“To transpierce, — hast entrusted to the lute’s  
Soft but sure guardianship some unrevealed  
Secret shall lift mankind above the brutes

“As only knowledge can ? ” “A fount unsealed ”  
(Sighed Jochanan) “should seek the heaven in leaps  
To die in dew-gems — not find death, congealed

“By contact with the cavern’s nether deeps,  
Earth’s secretest foundation where, enswathed  
In dark and fear, primæval mystery sleeps —

“Petrific fount wherein my fancies bathed  
And straight turned ice. My dreams of good and  
fair  
In soaring upwards had dissolved, unscathed

“By any influence of the kindly air,  
Singing, as each took flight, The Future — that ’s  
Our destination, mists turn rainbows there,

“Which sink to fog, confounded in the flats  
O’ the Present! Day’s the song-time for the  
lark,  
Night for her music boasts but owls and bats.

“And what ’s the Past but night — the deep and  
dark  
Ice-spring I speak of, corpse-thick with its drowned  
Dead fancies which no sooner touched the mark

“They aimed at — fact — than all at once they  
found  
Their film-wings freeze, henceforth unfit to reach  
And roll in æther, revel — robed and crowned

“As truths confirmed by falsehood all and each —  
Sovereign and absolute and ultimate!  
Up with them, skyward, Youth, ere Age impeach

“Thy least of promises to re-instate  
Adam in Eden! Sing on, ever sing,  
Chirp till thou burst! — the fool cicada’s fate,

" Who holds that after Summer next comes Spring,  
Than Summer's self sun-warmed, spice-scented more.  
Fighting was better ! There, no fancy-fling

" Pitches you past the point was reached of yore  
By Samsons, Abners, Joabs, Judases,  
The mighty men of valor who, before

" Our little day, did wonders none profess  
To doubt were fable and not fact, so trust  
By fancy-flights to emulate much less.

" Were I a Statesman, now ! Why, that were just  
To pinnacle my soul, mankind above,  
A-top the universe : no vulgar lust

" To gratify — fame, greed, at this remove  
Looked down upon so far — or over-looked  
So largely, rather — that mine eye should rove

" World-wide and rummage earth, the many-nooked,  
Yet find no unit of the human flock  
Caught straying but straight comes back hooked and  
crooked

" By the strong shepherd who, from out his stock  
Of aids proceeds to treat each ailing fleece,  
Here stimulate to growth, curtail and dock

“There, baldness or excrescence, — that, with grease,  
This, with up-grubbing of the bristly patch  
Born of the tick-bite. How supreme a peace

“Steals o’er the Statist, — while, in wit, a match  
For shrewd Ahithophel, in wisdom . . . well,  
His name escapes me — somebody, at watch

“And ward, the fellow of Ahithophel  
In guidance of the Chosen !” — at which word  
Eyes closed and fast asleep the Rabbi fell.

“Cold weather !” shivered Tsaddik. “Yet the  
hoard  
Of the sagacious ant shows garnered grain,  
Ever abundant most when fields afford

“Least pasture, and alike disgrace the plain  
Tall tree and lowly shrub. ’T is so with us  
Mortals : our age stores wealth ye seek in vain

“While busy youth culls just what we discuss  
At leisure in the last days : and the last  
Truly are these for Jochanan, whom thus

“I make one more appeal to ! Thine amassed  
Experience, now or never, let escape  
Some portion of ! For I perceive aghast

"The end approaches, while they jeer and jape,  
These sons of Shimei : 'Justify your boast !  
What have ye gained from Death by twelve months'  
rape?'

"Statesman, what cure hast thou for — least and  
most —  
Popular grievances ? What nostrum, say,  
Will make the Rich and Poor, expertly dosed,

"Forget disparity, bid each go gay  
That, with his bauble, — with his burden, this ?  
Propose an alkahest shall melt away

"Men's lacquer, show by prompt analysis  
Which is the metal, which the make-believe,  
So that no longer brass shall find, gold miss

"Coinage and currency ? Make haste, retrieve  
The precious moments, Master ! " Whereunto  
There snarls an "Ever laughing in thy sleeve,

"Pert Tsaddik ? Youth indeed sees plain a  
clue  
To guide man where life's wood is intricate :  
How shall he fail to thrid its thickest through

“When every oak-trunk takes the eye? Elate  
He goes from bole to brushwood, plunging finds —  
Smothered in briars — that the small 's the great!

“All men are men : I would all minds were minds !  
Whereas 't is just the many's mindless mass  
That most needs helping : labourers and hinds

“We legislate for — not the cultured class  
Which law-makes for itself nor needs the whip  
And bridle, — proper help for mule and ass,

“Did the brutes know ! In vain our statesmanship  
Strives at contenting the rough multitude :  
Still the ox cries ‘T is me thou shouldst equip

“With equine trappings !’ or, in humbler mood,  
‘Cribful of corn for me ! and, as for work —  
Adequate rumination o'er my food !’

“Better remain a Poet ! Needs it irk  
Such an one if light, kindled in his sphere,  
Fail to transfuse the Mizraim cold and murk

“Round about Goshen ? Though light disappear,  
Shut inside, — temporary ignorance  
Got outside of, lo, light emerging clear



"Shows each astonished starrer the expanse  
Of heaven made bright with knowledge ! That 's  
the way,  
The only way — I see it at a glance —

"To legislate for earth ! As poet. . . . Stay !  
What is . . . I would that . . . were it . . . I had  
been . . .  
O sudden change, as if my arid clay

"Burst into bloom ! . . ." "A change indeed, I  
ween,  
And change the last !" sighed Tsaddik as he  
kissed  
The closing eyelids. "Just as those serene

"Princes of Night apprised me ! Our acquist  
Of life is spent, since corners only four  
Hath Aisch, and each in turn was made desist

"In passage round the Pole (O Mishna's lore —  
Little it profits here !) by strenuous tug  
Of friends who eked out thus to full fourscore

"The Rabbi's years. I see each shoulder shrug !  
What have we gained ? Away the Bier may roll !  
To-morrow, when the Master's grave is dug,

"In with his body I may pitch the scroll  
I hoped to glorify with, text and gloss,  
My Science of Man's Life : one blank 's the whole !

"Love, war, song, statesmanship — no gain, all loss,  
The stars' bestowment ! We on our return  
To-morrow merely find — not gold but dross,

"The body not the soul. Come, friends, we learn  
At least thus much by our experiment —  
That — that . . . well, find what, whom it may concern ! "

But next day through the city rumours went  
Of a new persecution ; so, they fled  
All Israel, each man, — this time, — from his tent,

Tsaddik among the foremost. When, the dread  
Subsiding, Israel ventured back again  
Some three months after, to the cave they sped

Where lay the Sage, — a reverential train !  
Tsaddik first enters. "What is this I view ?  
The Rabbi still alive ? No stars remain

"Of Aisch to stop within their courses. True,  
I mind me, certain gamesome boys must urge  
Their offerings on me : can it be — one threw

b

“ Life at him and it stuck ? There needs the scourge  
To teach that urchin manners ! Prithee, grant  
Forgiveness if we pretermitt thy dirge

“ Just to explain no friend was ministrant,  
This time, of life to thee ! Some jackanapes,  
I gather, has presumed to foist his scant

“ Scurvy unripe existence — wilding grapes  
Grass-green and sorrel-sour — on that grand wine,  
Mighty as mellow, which my fancy shapes

“ May fitly image forth this life of thine  
Fed on the last low fattening lees — condensed  
Elixir, no milk-mildness of the vine !

“ Rightly with Tsaddik wert thou now incensed  
Had he been witting of the mischief wrought  
When, for elixir, verjuice he dispensed ! ”

And slowly woke, — like Shushan’s flower besought  
By over-curious handling to unloose  
The curtained secrecy wherein she thought

Her captive bee, mid store of sweets to choose,  
Would loll in gold, pavilioned lie unteazed,  
Sucking on, sated never, — whose, O whose

Might seem that countenance, uplift, all eased  
Of old distraction and bewilderment,  
Absurdly happy? “How ye have appeased

“The strife within me, bred this whole content,  
This utter acquiescence in my past  
Present and future life, — by whom was lent

“The power to work this miracle at last, —  
Exceeds my guess. Though — *ignorance confirmed*  
*By knowledge* sounds like paradox, I cast

“Vainly about to tell you — fitlier termed —  
This calm struck by encountering opposites,  
Each nullifying either ! Henceforth wormed

“From out my heart is every snake that bites  
The dove that else would brood there : doubt, which  
kills  
With hiss of ‘What if sorrows end delights?’

“Fear which stings ease with ‘Work the Master  
wills !’  
Experience which coils round and strangles quick  
Each hope with ‘Ask the Past if hoping skills

“To work accomplishment, or proves a trick  
Wiling thee to endeavour ! Strive, fool, stop  
Nowise, so live, so die — that 's law ! why kick

“Against the pricks ?’ All out-wormed ! Slumber,  
drop

Thy films once more and veil the bliss within !  
Experience strangle hope ? Hope waves a-top

“Her wings triumphant ! Come what will, I win,  
Whoever loses ! Every dream 's assured  
Of soberest fulfilment. There 's no sin

“Except in doubting that the light, which lured  
The unwary into darkness, did no wrong  
Had I but marched on bold, nor paused immured

“By mists I should have pressed thro', passed along  
My way henceforth rejoicing ! Not the boy's  
Passionate impulse he conceits so strong,

“Which, at first touch, truth, bubble-like, destroys, —  
Not the man's slow conviction 'Vanity  
Of vanities — alike my griefs and joys !’

“Ice ! — thawed (look up) each bird, each insect by —  
(Look round) by all the plants that break in bloom,  
(Look down) by every dead friend's memory

“That smiles ‘Am I the dust within my tomb?’  
Not either, but both these — amalgam rare —  
Mix in a product, not from Nature’s womb,

“But stuff which He the Operant — who shall  
dare  
Describe His operation? — strikes alive  
And thaumaturgic. I nor know nor care

“How from this tohu-bohu — hopes which dive,  
And fears which soar — faith, ruined through and  
through  
By doubt, and doubt, faith treads to dust — revive

“In some surprising sort, — as see, they do! —  
Not merely foes no longer but fast friends —  
What does it mean unless — O strange and new

“Discovery! — this life proves a wine-press —  
blends  
Evil and good, both fruits of Paradise,  
Into a novel drink which — who intends

“To quaff, must bear a brain for ecstasies  
Attempered, not this all-inadequate  
Organ which, quivering within me, dies

“ — Nay, lives ! — what, how, — too soon, or else too late —

I was — I am . . . ” ( “ He babbleth ! ” Tsaddik mused )

“ O Thou Almighty who canst re-instate

“ Truths in their primal clarity, confused  
By man’s perception, which is man’s and made  
To suit his service, — how, once disabused

“ Of reason which sees light half shine half shade,

Because of flesh, the medium that adjusts  
Purity to his visuals, both an aid

“ And hindrance, — how to eyes earth’s air encrusts,

When purged and perfect to receive truth’s beam  
Pouring itself on the new sense it trusts

“ With all its plenitude of power, — how seem  
Then, the intricacies of shade and shine,  
Oppugnant natures — Right and Wrong, we deem

“ Irreconcilable ? O eyes of mine,  
Freed now of imperfection, ye avail  
To see the whole sight, nor may uncombine

"Henceforth what, erst divided, caused you quail —  
So huge the chasm between the false and true,  
The dream and the reality! All hail,

"Day of my soul's deliverance — day the new,  
The never-ending! What though every shape  
Whereon I wreaked my yearning to pursue

"Even to success each semblance of escape  
From my own bounded self to some all-fair  
All-wise external fancy, proved a rape

"Like that old giant's, feigned of fools — on air,  
Not solid flesh? How otherwise? To love —  
That lesson was to learn not here — but there —

"On earth, not here! 'T is there we learn, — there  
    prove  
Our parts upon the stuff we needs must spoil,  
Striving at mastery, there bend above

"The spoiled clay potsherds, many a year of toil  
Attests the potter tried his hand upon,  
Till sudden he arose, wiped free from soil

"His hand, cried 'So much for attempt — anon  
Performance! Taught to mould the living vase,  
What matter the cracked pitchers dead and gone?'



“Could I impart and could thy mind embrace  
The secret, Tsaddik !” “Secret none to me !”  
Quoth Tsaddik, as the glory on the face

Of Jochanan was quenched. “The truth I see  
Of what that excellence of Judah wrote,  
Doughty Halaphta. This a case must be

“Wherein, though the last breath have passed the  
throat,  
So that ‘The man is dead’ we may pronounce,  
Yet is the Ruach — (thus do we denote

“The imparted Spirit) — in no haste to bounce  
From its entrusted Body, — some three days  
Lingers ere it relinquish to the pounce

“Of hawk-clawed Death his victim. Further says  
Halaphta, ‘Instances have been, and yet  
Again may be, when saints, whose earthly ways

“Tend to perfection, very nearly get  
To heaven while still on earth : and, as a fine  
Interval shows where waters pure have met

“Waves brackish, in a mixture, sweet with brine,  
That’s neither sea nor river but a taste  
Of both — so meet the earthly and divine

“And each is either. Thus I hold him graced —  
Dying on earth, half inside and half out,  
Wholly in heaven, who knows? My mind embraced

“Thy secret, Jochanan, how dare I doubt?  
Follow thy Ruach, let earth, all it can,  
Keep of the leavings!” Thus was brought about

The sepulture of Rabbi Jochanan  
Thou hast him, — sinner-saint, live-dead, boy-man, —  
Schiphaz, on Bendimir, in Farzistan!

---

NOTE. — This story can have no better authority than that of the treatise, existing dispersedly in fragments of Rabbinical writing, מִשְׁדָּה שֶׁל רַבִּים בָּדִים, from which I might have helped myself more liberally. Thus, instead of the simple reference to “Moses’ stick,” — but what if I make amends by attempting three illustrations, when some thirty might be composed on the same subject, equally justifying that pithy proverb מִמֶּשֶׁה עַד מֹשֶׁה לֹא כִמֶּשֶׁה קָם כִּמֶּשֶׁה.

I.

MOSES the Meek was thirty cubits high,  
The staff he strode with — thirty cubits long;  
And when he leapt, so muscular and strong

Was Moses that his leaping neared the sky  
By thirty cubits more : we learn thereby  
He reached full ninety cubits — am I wrong ? —  
When, in a fight slurred o'er by sacred song,  
With staff out-stretched he took a leap to try  
The just dimensions of the giant Og.  
And yet he barely touched — this marvel lacked  
Posterity to crown earth's catalogue  
Of marvels — barely touched — to be exact —  
The giant's ankle-bone, remained a frog  
That fain would match an ox in stature : fact !

## II.

And this same fact has met with unbelief !  
How saith a certain traveller ? “ Young, I chanced  
To come upon an object — if thou can'st,  
Guess me its name and nature ! ’T was, in brief,  
White, hard, round, hollow, of such length, in chief,  
— And this is what especially enhanced  
My wonder — that it seemed, as I advanced,  
Never to end. Bind up within thy sheaf  
Of marvels, this — Posterity ! I walked  
From end to end, — four hours walked I, who go  
A goodly pace, — and found — I have not balked  
Thine expectation, Stranger ? Ay or No ? —  
’T was but Og's thigh-bone, all the while, I stalked  
Alongside of : respect to Moses, though !

III. \*

Og's thigh-bone — if ye deem its measure strange,  
 Myself can witness to much length of shank  
 Even in birds. Upon a water's bank  
 Once halting, I was minded to exchange  
 Noon heat for cool. Quoth I "On many a grange  
 I have seen storks perch — legs both long and lank :  
 Yon stork's must touch the bottom of this tank,  
 Since on its top doth wet no plume derange  
 Of the smooth breast. I 'll bathe there !" "Do not  
 so !"

Warned me a voice from heaven. "A man let drop  
 His axe into that shallow rivulet —  
 As thou accountest — seventy years ago :  
 It fell and fell and still without a stop  
 Keeps falling, nor has reached the bottom yet."



**NEVER THE TIME AND THE  
PLACE.**



## NEVER THE TIME AND THE PLACE.

---

NEVER the time and the place  
And the loved one all together !  
This path — how soft to pace !  
This May — what magic weather !  
Where is the loved one's face ?  
In a dream that loved one's face meets mine,  
But the house is narrow, the place is bleak  
Where, outside, rain and wind combine  
With a furtive ear, if I strive to speak,  
With a hostile eye at my flushing cheek,  
With a malice that marks each word, each sign !  
O enemy sly and serpentine,  
Uncoil thee from the waking man !  
Do I hold the Past  
Thus firm and fast  
Yet doubt if the Future hold I can ?



This path so soft to pace shall lead  
Thro' the magic of May to herself indeed !  
Or narrow if needs the house must be,  
Outside are the storms and strangers : we —  
Oh, close, safe, warm sleep I and she,  
— I and she !

**PAMBO.**



## PAMBO.

---

SUPPOSE that we part (work done, comes play)  
With a grave tale told in crambo  
— As our hearty sires were wont to say —  
Whereof the hero is Pambo ?

Do you happen to know who Pambo was ?  
Nor I — but this much have heard of him :  
He entered one day a college-class,  
And asked — was it so absurd of him ? —

“ May Pambo learn wisdom ere practise it ?  
In wisdom I fain would ground me :  
Since wisdom is centred in Holy Writ,  
Some psalm to the purpose expound me ! ”

“ That psalm,” the Professor smiled, “ shall be  
Untroubled by doubt which dirtieth  
Pellucid streams when an ass like thee  
Would drink there — the Nine-and-thirtieth.

"Verse First : *I said I will look to my ways  
That I with my tongue offend not.*

How now ? Why stare ? Art struck in amaze ?  
Stop, stay ! The smooth line hath an end knot !

"He 's gone ! — disgusted my text should prove  
Too easy to need explaining ?

Had he waited, the blockhead might find I move  
To matter that pays remaining !"

Long years went by, when — "Ha, who 's this ?  
Do I come on the restif scholar  
I had driven to Wisdom's goal, I wis,  
But that he slipped the collar ?

"What ? Arms crossed, brow bent, thought-im-  
mersed ?

A student indeed ? Why scruple  
To own that the lesson proposed him first  
Scarce suited so apt a pupil ?

"Come back ! From the beggarly elements  
To a more recondite issue

We pass till we reach, at all events,  
Some point that may puzzle . . . Why 'pish'  
you ?"

From the ground looked piteous up the head :

“ Daily and nightly, Master,  
Your pupil plods thro’ that text you read,  
Yet gets on never the faster.

“ At the self-same stand, — now old, then young !  
*I will look to my ways* — were doing  
As easy as saying ! — *that I with my tongue*  
*Offend not* — and ’scape pooh-poohing

“ From sage and simple, doctor and dunce ?  
Ah, nowise ! Still doubts so muddy  
The stream I would drink at once, — but once !  
That — thus I resume my study ! ”

Brother, brother, I share the blame,  
*Arcades sumus ambo !*  
Darkling, I keep my sunrise-aim,  
Lack not the critic’s flambeau,  
And *look to my ways*, yet, much the same,  
*Offend with my tongue* — like Pambo !



STANDARD AND POPULAR  
**Library Books**  
*SELECTED FROM THE CATALOGUE OF*  
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND CO.



*CONSIDER what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries, in a thousand years, have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom. The men themselves were hid and inaccessible, solitary, impatient of interruptions, fenced by etiquette; but the thought which they did not uncover to their bosom friend is here written out in transparent words to us, the strangers of another age. — Ralph Waldo Emerson.*



## Library Books



JOHN ADAMS and Abigail Adams.

Familiar Letters of John Adams and his wife, Abigail Adams, during the Revolution. Crown 8vo, \$2.00.

Louis Agassiz.

Methods of Study in Natural History. 16mo, \$1.50.

Geological Sketches. 16mo, \$1.50.

Geological Sketches. Second Series. 16mo, \$1.50.

A Journey in Brazil. Illustrated. 8vo, \$5.00.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Story of a Bad Boy. Illustrated. 16mo, \$1.50.

Marjorie Daw and Other People. 16mo, \$1.50.

Prudence Palfrey. 16mo, \$1.50.

The Queen of Sheba. 16mo, \$1.50.

The Stillwater Tragedy. \$1.50.

Cloth of Gold and Other Poems. 16mo, \$1.50.

Flower and Thorn. Later poems. 16mo, \$1.25.

Poems. Complete. Illustrated. 8vo, \$5.00.

American Men of Letters.

Edited by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

Washington Irving. By Charles Dudley Warner. 16mo, \$1.25. —

Noah Webster. By Horace E. Scudder. 16mo, \$1.25.

Henry D. Thoreau. By Frank B. Sanborn. 16mo, \$1.25.

George Ripley. By O. B. Frothingham. 16mo, \$1.25.

J. Fenimore Cooper. By Prof. T. R. Lounsbury.

(*In Preparation.*)

Nathaniel Hawthorne. By James Russell Lowell.

N. P. Willis. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

William Gilmore Simms. By George W. Cable.

Margaret Fuller. By T. W. Higginson.

Others to be announced.

#### 4 *Houghton, Mifflin and Company's*

##### American Statesmen.

Edited by JOHN T. MORSE, Jr.

John Quincy Adams. By John T. Morse, Jr. 16mo, \$1.25

Alexander Hamilton. By Henry Cabot Lodge. 16mo, \$1.25.

John C. Calhoun. By Dr. H. von Holst. 16mo, \$1.25.

Andrew Jackson. By Prof. W. G. Sumner. 16mo, \$1.25.

John Randolph. By Henry Adams. 16mo, \$1.25.

James Monroe. By Pres. D. C. Gilman. 16mo, \$1.25.

Thomas Jefferson. By John T. Morse, Jr. 16mo, \$1.25.

Daniel Webster. By Henry Cabot Lodge. 16mo, \$1.25.

(*In Preparation.*)

James Madison. By Sidney Howard Gay.

Albert Gallatin. By John Austin Stevens.

Patrick Henry. By Prof. Moses Coit Tyler.

Henry Clay. By Hon. Carl Schurz.

Lives of others are also expected.

##### Hans Christian Andersen.

Complete Works. 8vo.

1. The Improvisatore ; or, Life in Italy.

2. The Two Baronesses.

3. O. T. ; or, Life in Denmark.

4. Only a Fiddler.

5. In Spain and Portugal.

6. A Poet's Bazaar.

7. Pictures of Travel.

8. The Story of my Life. With Portrait.

9. Wonder Stories told for Children. Ninety-two illustrations.

10. Stories and Tales. Illustrated.

Cloth, per volume, \$1.50 ; price of sets in cloth, \$15.00.

##### Francis Bacon.

Works. Collected and edited by Spedding, Ellis, and Heath. In fifteen volumes, crown 8vo, cloth, \$33.75.

The same. *Popular Edition*. In two volumes, crown 8vo, with Portraits and Index. Cloth, \$5.00.

##### Bacon's Life.

Life and Times of Bacon. Abridged. By James Spedding. 2 vols. crown 8vo, \$5.00.

**Björnstjerne Björnson.**

Norwegian Novels. 16mo, each \$1.00.

Synnöve Solbakken.

Arne.

The Bridal March.

A Happy Boy.

The Fisher Maiden.

Captain Mansana.

Magnhild.

**British Poets.**

*Riverside Edition.* In 68 volumes, crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, per vol. \$1.75; the set, 68 volumes, cloth, \$100.00.

Akenside and Beattie, 1 vol.

Ballads, 4 vols.

Burns, 1 vol.

Butler, 1 vol.

Byron, 5 vols.

Campbell and Falconer, 1 vol.

Chatterton, 1 vol.

Chaucer, 3 vols.

Churchill, Parnell, and Tickell, 2 vols.

Coleridge and Keats, 2 vols.

Cowper, 2 vols.

Dryden, 2 vols.

Gay, 1 vol.

Goldsmith and Gray, 1 vol.

Herbert and Vaughan, 1 vol.

Herrick, 1 vol.

Hood, 2 vols.

Milton and Marvell, 2 vols.

Montgomery, 2 vols.

Moore, 3 vols.

Pope and Collins, 2 vols.

Prior, 1 vol.

Scott, 5 vols.

Shakespeare and Jonson, 1 vol.

Shelley, 2 vols.

Skelton and Donne, 2 vols.

Southey, 5 vols.

Spenser, 3 vols.

Swift, 2 vols.

Thomson, 1 vol.

Watts and White, 1 vol.

Wordsworth, 3 vols.

Wyatt and Surrey, 1 vol.

Young, 1 vol.

**John Brown, M. D.**

Spare Hours. 3 vols. 16mo, each \$1.50.

**Robert Browning.**

Poems and Dramas, etc. 14 vols. \$19.50.

Complete Works. New Edition. 7 vols. 12mo, \$12.00.

**Wm. C. Bryant.**

Translation of Homer. The Iliad. 2 vols. royal 8vo, \$9.00.

Crown 8vo, \$4.50. 1 vol. 12mo, \$3.00.

The Odyssey. 2 vols. royal 8vo, \$9.00. Crown 8vo, \$4.50.

1 vol. 12mo, \$3.00.

6      *Houghton, Mifflin and Company's*

John Burroughs.

- Wake-Robin. Illustrated. 16mo, \$1.50.  
Winter Sunshine. 16mo, \$1.50.  
Birds and Poets. 16mo, \$1.50.  
Locusts and Wild Honey. 16mo, \$1.50.  
Pepacton, and Other Sketches. 16mo, \$1.50.

Thomas Carlyle.

- Essays. With Portrait and Index. Four volumes, crown 8vo, \$7.50. *Popular Edition*. Two volumes, \$3.50.

Alice and Phoebe Cary.

- Poems. *Household Edition*. 12mo, \$2.00.  
*Library Edition*. Portraits and 24 illustrations. 8vo, \$4.00.  
Poetical Works, including Memorial by Mary Clemmer. 1 vol. 8vo, \$3.50. Full gilt, \$4.00.

L. Maria Child.

- Looking toward Sunset. 4to, \$2.50.  
Letters. With Biography by Whittier. 16mo, \$1.50.

James Freeman Clarke.

- Ten Great Religions. 8vo, \$3.00.  
Ten Great Religions. Part II. (*In Press*.)  
Common Sense in Religion. 12mo, \$2.00.  
Memorial and Biographical Sketches. 12mo, \$2.00.

J. Fenimore Cooper.

- Works. *Household Edition*. Illustrated. 32 vols. 16mo. Cloth, per volume, \$1.00; the set, \$32.00.  
*Globe Edition*. Illust'd. 16 vols. \$20.00. (*Sold only in sets*.)  
Sea Tales. Illustrated. 10 vols. 16mo, \$10.00.  
Leather Stocking Tales. *Household Edition*. Illustrated. 5 vols. \$5.00. *Riverside Edition*. 5 vols. \$11.25.

Richard H. Dana.

- To Cuba and Back. 16mo, \$1.25.  
Two Years Before the Mast. 16mo, \$1.50.

Thomas De Quincey.

- Works. *Riverside Edition*. In 12 vols. crown 8vo. Per volume, cloth, \$1.50; the set, \$18.00.  
*Globe Edition*. Six vols. 12mo, \$10.00. (*Sold only in sets*.)

Madame De Stael.

Germany. 1 vol. crown 8vo, \$2.50.

Charles Dickens.

Works. *Illustrated Library Edition*. In 29 volumes, crown 8vo. Cloth, each, \$1.50; the set, \$43.50.

*Globe Edition*. In 15 vols. 12mo. Cloth, per volume, \$1.25.

J. Lewis Diman.

The Theistic Argument as Affected by Recent Theories. 8vo, \$2.00.

Orations and Essays. 8vo, \$2.50.

F. S. Drake.

Dictionary of American Biography. 1 vol. 8vo, cloth, \$6.00.

Charles L. Eastlake.

Hints on Household Taste. Illustrated. 12mo, \$3.00.

Notes on the Louvre and Brera Galleries. Sm. 4to, \$2.00.

George Eliot.

The Spanish Gypsy. 16mo, \$1.50.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Works. 10 vols. 16mo, \$1.50 each; the set, \$15.00.

*Fireside Edition*. 5 vols. 16mo, \$10.00. (*Sold only in sets.*)

*"Little Classic" Edition*. 9 vols. Cloth, each, \$1.50.

Prose Works. Complete. 3 vols. 12mo, \$7.50.

Parnassus. *Household Ed.* 12mo, \$2.00. *Library Ed.*, \$4.00.

Fénelon.

Adventures of Telemachus. Crown 8vo, \$2.25.

James T. Fields.

Yesterdays with Authors. 12mo, \$2.00. 8vo, \$3.00.

Underbrush. \$1.25.

Ballads and other Verses. 16mo, \$1.00.

The Family Library of British Poetry, from Chaucer to the Present Time (1350-1878). Royal 8vo. 1,028 pages, with 12 fine steel portraits, \$5.00.

Memoirs and Correspondence. 1 vol. 8vo, gilt top, \$2.00.

**John Fiske.**

Myths and Mythmakers. 12mo, \$2.00.

Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy. 2 vols. 8vo, \$6.00.

The Unseen World, and other Essays. 12mo, \$2.00.

**Goethe.**

Faust. Metrical Translation. By Rev. C. T. Brooks.  
16mo, \$1.25.

Faust. Translated into English Verse. By Bayard Taylor.  
2 vols. royal 8vo, \$9.00; cr. 8vo, \$4.50; 1 vol. 12mo, \$3.00.

Correspondence with a Child. Portrait of Bettina Brentano.  
12mo, \$1.50.

Wilhelm Meister. Translated by Thomas Carlyle. Por-  
trait of Goethe. 2 vols. 12mo, \$3.00.

**Bret Harte.**

Works. New complete edition. 5 vols. 12mo, each \$2.00.

Poems. *Household Edition*. 12mo, \$2.00.

**Nathaniel Hawthorne.**

Works. "*Little Classic*" Edition. Illustrated. 24 vols.  
18mo, each \$1.25; the set \$30.00.

*Illustrated Library Edition*. 13 vols. 12mo, per vol. \$2.00.

*Fireside Edition*. Illustrated. 13 vols. 16mo, the set, \$21.00.

*New Globe Edition*. 6 vols. 16mo, illustrated, the set, \$10.00.

*New Riverside Edition*. Introductions by G. P. Lathrop.  
Original etching in each vol. 12 vols. cr. 8vo, per vol. \$2.00.

**George S. Hillard.**

Six Months in Italy. 12mo, \$2.00.

**Oliver Wendell Holmes.**

Poems. *Household Edition*. 12mo, \$2.00.

*Illustrated Library Edition*. Illustrated, full gilt, 8vo, \$4.00.

*Handy Volume Edition*. 2 vols. 18mo, gilt top, \$2.50.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table. 12mo, \$2.00.

The Professor at the Breakfast-Table. 12mo, \$2.00.

The Poet at the Breakfast-Table. 12mo, \$2.00.

Elsie Venner. 12mo, \$2.00.

The Guardian Angel. 12mo, \$2.00.

Soundings from the Atlantic. 16mo, \$1.75.

John Lothrop Motley. A Memoir. 16mo, \$1.50.]

**W. D. Howells.**

- Venetian Life. 12mo, \$1.50. Italian Journeys. \$1.50.  
Their Wedding Journey. Illus. 12mo, \$1.50; 18mo, \$1.25.  
Suburban Sketches. Illustrated. 12mo, \$1.50.  
A Chance Acquaintance. Illus. 12mo, \$1.50; 18mo, \$1.25.  
A Foregone Conclusion. 12mo, \$1.50.  
The Lady of the Aroostook. 12mo, \$1.50.  
The Undiscovered Country. \$1.50. Poems. \$1.25.  
Out of the Question. A Comedy. 18mo, \$1.25. -  
A Counterfeit Presentment. 18mo, \$1.25.  
Choice Autobiography. Edited by W. D. Howells. 18mo,  
per vol. \$1.25.  
I, II. Memoirs of Frederica Sophia Wilhelmina, Margra-  
vine of Baireuth.  
III. Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and Thomas Ellwood.  
IV. Vittorio Alfieri. V. Carlo Goldoni.  
VI. Edward Gibbon. VII., VIII. François Marmontel.

**Thomas Hughes.**

- Tom Brown's School-Days at Rugby. \$1.00.  
Tom Brown at Oxford. 16mo, \$1.25.  
The Manliness of Christ. 16mo, gilt top, \$1.00.

**Henry James, Jr.**

- Passionate Pilgrim and other Tales. \$2.00.  
Transatlantic Sketches. 12mo, \$2.00.  
Roderick Hudson. 12mo, \$2.00.  
The American. 12mo, \$2.00.  
Watch and Ward. 18mo, \$1.25.  
The Europeans. 12mo, \$1.50.  
Confidence. 12mo, \$1.50.  
The Portrait of a Lady. \$2.00.

**Mrs. Anna Jameson.**

- Writings upon Art subjects. 10 vols. 18mo, each \$1.50.

**Sarah O. Jewett.**

- Deephaven. 18mo, \$1.25.  
Old Friends and New. 18mo, \$1.25.  
Country By-Ways. 18mo, \$1.25.  
Play-Days. Stories for Children. Sq. 16mo, \$1.50.



**Rossiter Johnson.**

Little Classics. Eighteen handy volumes containing the choicest Stories, Sketches, and short Poems in English literature. Each in one vol. 18mo, \$1.00; the set, \$18.00  
In 9 vols. square 16mo, \$13.50. (*Sold in sets only.*)

**Samuel Johnson.**

Oriental Religions: India, 8vo, \$5.00. China, 8vo, \$5.00.  
Lectures, Essays, and Sermons. 12mo, \$1.75.

**T. Starr King.**

Christianity and Humanity. With Portrait. 12mo, \$2.00.  
Substance and Show. 12mo, \$2.00.

**Lucy Larcom.**

Poems. 16mo, \$1.25. An Idyl of Work. 16mo, \$1.25.  
Wild Roses of Cape Ann and other Poems. 16mo, \$1.25.  
Breathings of the Better Life. 18mo, \$1.25.

**G. P. Lathrop.**

A Study of Hawthorne. 18mo, \$1.25.  
An Echo of Passion. 16mo, \$1.25.

**G. H. Lewes.**

The Story of Goethe's Life. Portrait. 12mo, \$1.50.  
Problems of Life and Mind. 5 vols. \$14.00.

**H. W. Longfellow.**

Poems. *Cambridge Edition complete.* Portrait. 4 vols.  
cr. 8vo, \$9.00. 2 vols. \$7.00.  
*Octavo Edition.* Portrait and 300 illustrations. \$8.00.  
*Household Edition.* Portrait. 12mo, \$2.00.  
*Red-Line Edition.* 12 illustrations and Portrait. \$2.50.  
*Diamond Edition.* \$1.00.  
*Library Edition.* Portrait and 32 illustrations. 8vo, \$4.00.  
Prose Works. *Cambridge Edition.* 2 vols. cr. 8vo, \$4.50.  
Hyperion. A Romance. 16mo, \$1.50.  
Outre-Mer. 16mo, \$1.50. Kavanagh. 16mo, \$1.50.  
Christus. *Household Edition*, \$2.00; *Diamond Edition*, \$1.00.  
Translation of the Divina Commedia of Dante. 3 vols.  
royal 8vo, \$13.50; cr. 8vo, \$6.00; 1 vol. cr. 8vo, \$3.00.  
Poets and Poetry of Europe. Royal 8vo, \$5.00.  
In the Harbor. Steel Portrait. 16mo, gilt top, \$1.00.

James Russell Lowell.

- Poems. *Red-Line Ed.* 16 illustrations and Portrait. \$2.50.  
*Household Edition.* Portrait. 12mo, \$2.00.  
*Library Edition.* Portrait and 32 illustrations. 8vo, \$4.00.  
*Diamond Edition.* \$1.00.  
Fireside Travels. 16mo, \$1.50.  
Among my Books. 1st and 2nd Series. 12mo, \$2.00 each.  
My Study Windows. 12mo, \$2.00.

T. B. Macaulay.

- England. *New Riverside Edition.* 4 vols., cloth, \$5.00.  
Essays. Portrait. *New Riverside Edition.* 3 vols., \$3.75.  
Speeches and Poems. *New Riverside Ed.* 1 vol., \$1.25.

Harriet Martineau.

- Autobiography. Portraits and illus. 2 vols. 8vo, \$6.00.  
Household Education. 18mo, \$1.25.

Owen Meredith.

- Poems. *Household Edition.* Illustrated. 12mo, \$2.00.  
*Library Edition.* Portrait and 32 illustrations. 8vo, \$4.00.  
*Shawmut Edition.* \$1.50.  
Lucile. *Red-Line Edition.* 8 illustrations. \$2.50.  
*Diamond Edition.* 8 illustrations, \$1.00.

Michael de Montaigne.

- Complete Works. Portrait. 4 vols. crown 8vo, \$7.50.

Rev. T. Mozley.

- Reminiscences, chiefly of Oriel College and the Oxford  
Movement. 2 vols. crown 8vo, \$3.00.

E. Mulford.

- The Nation. 8vo, \$2.50.  
The Republic of God. 8vo, \$2.00.

T. T. Munger.

- On the Threshold. 16mo, gilt top, \$1.00.  
Freedom of Faith. (*In Press.*)

J. A. W. Neander.

- History of the Christian Religion and Church, with Index  
volume, 6 vols. 8vo, \$20.00; Index alone, \$3.00.

**C. E. Norton.**

- Notes of Travel and Study in Italy. 16mo, \$1.25.  
Translation of Dante's New Life. Royal 8vo, \$3.00.

**Francis W. Palfrey.**

- Memoir of William Francis Bartlett. 16mo, \$1.50.

**James Parton.**

- Life of Benjamin Franklin. 2 vols. 8vo, \$4.00.  
Life of Thomas Jefferson. 8vo, \$2.00.  
Life of Aaron Burr. 2 vols. 8vo, \$4.00.  
Life of Andrew Jackson. 3 vols. 8vo, \$6.00.  
Life of Horace Greeley. 8vo, \$2.50.  
General Butler in New Orleans. 8vo, \$2.50.  
Humorous Poetry of the English Language. 8vo, \$2.00.  
Famous Americans of Recent Times. 8vo, \$2.00.  
Life of Voltaire. 2 vols. 8vo, \$6.00.  
The French Parnassus. 12mo, \$2.00; crown 8vo, \$3.50.

**Blaise Pascal.**

- Thoughts, Letters, and Opuscles. Crown 8vo, \$2.25.  
Provincial Letters. Crown 8vo, \$2.25.

**E. S. Phelps.**

- The Gates Ajar. 16mo, \$1.50.  
Men, Women, and Ghosts. 16mo, \$1.50.  
Hedged In. 16mo, \$1.50.  
The Silent Partner. 16mo, \$1.50.  
The Story of Avis. 16mo, \$1.50.  
Sealed Orders, and other Stories. 16mo, \$1.50.  
Friends: A Duet. 16mo, \$1.25.  
Dr. Zay. 16mo. \$1.25.  
Poetic Studies. Square 16mo, \$1.50.

**Adelaide A. Procter.**

- Poems. *Diamond Edition.* \$1.00.  
*Red-Line Edition.* Portrait and 16 illustrations. \$2.50.  
*Favorite Edition.* Illustrated. 16mo, \$1.50.

**Henry Crabb Robinson.**

- Diary. Crown 8vo, \$2.50.

A. P. Russell.

Library Notes. 12mo, \$2.00.

John G. Saxe.

Works. Portrait. 16mo, \$2.25.

Poems. *Red-Line Edition*. Illustrated. \$2.50.

*Diamond Edition*. 18mo, \$1.00.

*Household Edition*. 12mo, \$2.00.

Sir Walter Scott.

Waverley Novels. *Illustrated Library Edition*. In 25 vols.  
cr. 8vo, each \$1.00; the set, \$25.00.

*Globe Edition*. 13 vols. 100 illustrations, \$16.25.

Tales of a Grandfather. *Library Edition*. 3 vols. \$4.50.

Poems. *Red-Line Edition*. Illustrated. \$2.50.

*Diamond Edition*. 18mo, \$1.00.

Horace E. Scudder.

The Bodley Books. 6 vols. Each \$1.50.

The Dwellers in Five-Sisters' Court. 16mo, \$1.25.

Stories and Romances. \$1.25.

Dream Children. Illustrated. 16mo, \$1.00.

Seven Little People. Illustrated. 16mo, \$1.00.

Stories from my Attic. Illustrated. 16mo, \$1.00.

The Children's Book. 4to, 450 pages, \$3.50.

Boston Town. Illustrated. 12mo, \$1.50.

J. C. Shairp.

Culture and Religion. 16mo, \$1.25.

Poetic Interpretation of Nature. 16mo, \$1.25.

Studies in Poetry and Philosophy. 16mo, \$1.50.

Aspects of Poetry. 16mo, \$1.50.

Dr. William Smith.

Bible Dictionary. *American Edition*. In four vols. 8vo  
the set, \$20.00.

E. C. Stedman.

Poems. *Farrington Edition*. Portrait. 16mo, \$2.00.

Victorian Poets. 12mo, \$2.00.

Hawthorne, and other Poems. 16mo, \$1.25.

Edgar Allan Poe. An Essay. Vellum, 18mo, \$1.00.

14 *Houghton, Mifflin and Company's*

**Harriet Beecher Stowe.**

- Agnes of Sorrento. 12mo, \$1.50.  
The Pearl of Orr's Island. 12mo, \$1.50.  
Uncle Tom's Cabin. *Popular Edition*. 12mo, \$2.00.  
The Minister's Wooing. 12mo, \$1.50.  
The May-flower, and other Sketches. 12mo, \$1.50.  
Nina Gordon. 12mo, \$1.50.  
Oldtown Folks. 12mo, \$1.50.  
Sam Lawson's Fireside Stories. Illustrated. \$1.50.  
Uncle Tom's Cabin. 100 Illustrations. 12mo, full gilt, \$3.50

**Bayard Taylor.**

- Poetical Works. *Household Edition*. 12mo, \$2.00.  
Dramatic Works. Crown 8vo, \$2.25.  
The Echo Club, and other Literary Diversions. \$1.25.

**Alfred Tennyson.**

- Poems. *Household Ed.* Portrait and 60 illustrations. \$2.00  
*Illustrated Crown Edition*. 48 illustrations. 2 vols. \$5.00.  
*Library Edition*. Portrait and 60 illustrations. \$4 00.  
*Red-Line Edition*. Portrait and 16 illustrations. \$2.50.  
*Diamond Edition*. \$1 00.  
*Shawmut Edition*. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, \$1.50.  
Idylls of the King. Complete. Illustrated. \$1.50.

**Celia Thaxter.**

- Among the Isles of Shoals. \$1.25.  
Poems. \$1.50. Drift-Weed. Poems. \$1.50.

**Henry D. Thoreau.**

- Walden. 12mo, \$1.50.  
A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers. \$1.50.  
Excursions in Field and Forest. 12mo, \$1.50.  
The Maine Woods. 12mo, \$1.50.  
Cape Cod. 12mo, \$1.50.  
Letters to various Persons. 12mo, \$1.50.  
A Yankee in Canada. 12mo, \$1.50.  
Early Spring in Massachusetts. 12mo, \$1.50.

**George Ticknor.**

- History of Spanish Literature. 3 vols. 8vo, \$10.00.  
Life, Letters, and Journals. Portraits. 2 vols. 8vo, \$6.00.  
Cheaper edition. 2 vols. 12mo, \$4.00.

**J. T. Trowbridge.**

A Home Idyl. \$1.25.

The Vagabonds. \$1.25.

The Emigrant's Story. 16mo, \$1.25.

**Voltaire.**

History of Charles XII. Crown 8vo, \$2.25.

**Lew Wallace.**

The Fair God. 12mo, \$1.50.

**George E. Waring, Jr.**

Whip and Spur. \$1.25. A Farmer's Vacation. \$3.00.

Village Improvements. Illustrated. 75 cents.

The Bride of the Rhine. Illustrated. \$1.50.

**Charles Dudley Warner.**

My Summer in a Garden. 16mo, \$1.00. *Illustrated.* \$1.50.

Saunterings. 18mo, \$1.25.

Back-Log Studies. Illustrated. \$1.50.

Baddeck, and that Sort of Thing. \$1.00.

My Winter on the Nile. 12mo, \$2.00.

In the Levant. 12mo, \$2.00.

Being a Boy. Illustrated. \$1.50.

In the Wilderness. 75 cents.

**William A. Wheeler.**

Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction. \$2.00.

**Edwin P. Whipple.**

Works. Critical Essays. 6 vols., \$9.00.

**Richard Grant White.**

Every-Day English. 12mo, \$2.00.

Words and their Uses. 12mo, \$2.00.

England Without and Within. 12mo, \$2.00.

Shakespeare's Complete Works. 3 vols. cr. 8vo. (*In Press.*)

**Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.**

Faith Gartney's Girlhood. 12mo, \$1.50.

Hitherto. 12mo, \$1.50.

Patience Strong's Outings. 12mo, \$1.50.

The Gayworthys. 12mo, \$1.50.

## 16 *Houghton, Mifflin and Co.'s Catalogue.*

Leslie Goldthwaite. Illustrated. 12mo, \$1.50.

We Girls. Illustrated. 12mo, \$1.50.

Real Folks. Illustrated. 12mo, \$1.50.

The Other Girls. Illustrated. 12mo, \$1.50.

Sights and Insights. 2 vols. 12mo, \$3.00.

Odd or Even. 12mo, \$1.50.

Boys at Chequasset. 12mo, \$1.50.

Mother Goose for Grown Folks. 12mo, \$1.50.

Pansies. Square 16mo, \$1.50.

Just How. 16mo, \$1.00.

### John G. Whittier.

Poems. *Household Edition*. Portrait. \$2.00.

*Cambridge Edition*. Portrait. 3 vols. crown 8vo, \$6.75.

*Red-Line Edition*. Portrait. 12 illustrations. \$2.50.

*Diamond Edition*. 18mo, \$1.00.

*Library Edition*. Portrait. 32 illustrations. 8vo, \$4.00.

Prose Works. *Cambridge Edition*. 2 vols. \$4.50.

John Woolman's Journal. Introduction by Whittier. \$1.50.

Child Life in Poetry. Selected by Whittier. Illustrated.

\$2.25. Child Life in Prose. \$2.25.

Songs of Three Centuries. Selected by J. G. Whittier.

*Household Edition*. 12mo, \$2.00. *Illustrated Library*

*Edition*. 32 illustrations. \$4.00.

### Justin Winsor.

Reader's Handbook of the American Revolution. 16mo,

\$1.25.

---

*A catalogue containing portraits of many of the above authors, with a description of their works, will be sent free, on application, to any address.*

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS













This book should be returned to  
the Library on or before the last date  
stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred  
by retaining it beyond the specified  
time.

Please return promptly.

